

Till it seems I must recover  
A day in the ilex grove  
When I was a destined lover,  
And she was destined for love.

I remember the woods we strayed in,  
And the mountain paths we trod,  
When she was a Doric maiden  
And I was a young Greek god.

And I have the haunting fancy,  
The moment my back is turned,  
By some Eastern necromancy  
Only artists have learned,

Two great grave eyes are lifted  
To follow me round the room  
And a sudden breath has shifted  
A leaf in the Book of Doom.